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SUNDAY, MAY 27, 1900.

APRIL CIRCULATION.

W. B. Carr, Business Manager of The St. Louis Republic, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of the daily and Sunday Republic printed during the month of April, 1900, all in regular editions, was as per schedule below:

Date.	Copies	Date.	Copies
1 Sunday	87,320	16	79,500
2	79,830	17	78,930
3	81,130	18	78,970
4	79,490	19	78,720
5	80,440	20	78,480
6	79,410	21	81,260
7	82,170	22 Sunday	84,290
8 Sunday	85,730	23	79,200
9	79,010	24	80,190
10	79,100	25	78,920
11	78,480	26	79,140
12	79,230	27	79,080
13	78,940	28	81,940
14	81,810	29 Sunday	85,720
15 Sunday	85,430	30	79,400

Total for the month	2,421,260
Less all copies spoiled in printing, left over or filed	48,693
Net number distributed	2,372,567
Average daily distribution	79,085

And said W. B. Carr further says that the number of copies returned or reported unsold during the month of April was 1.74 per cent.

W. B. CARR.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this thirteenth day of April, 1900.

J. F. FARISH,
Notary Public, City of St. Louis, Mo. My term expires April 26, 1901.

DEPEW TO THE RESCUE.

It seems to be a race between England and America and between the speaker and the listener in adjusting the surroundings under which the after-dinner speech shall be delivered.

Scarcely has the field glass of the Prince of Wales put the speaker at banquets at a disadvantage, when the long-distance telephone method bobs up to the orator's rescue. Chauncey Depew, whose leadership among after-dinner speakers is as unquestioned as is that of the Prince of Wales among after-dinner auditors, has just delivered a speech at a distance of 225 miles from his home in Washington to a hotel in New York. Each guest listened to the speaker through a receiver.

The most self-conscious of after-dinner speakers can with the Depew improvement defy field glasses and present as good a "front" as the most unembarrassed. Seated alone in the quiet of his home, he can send thoughts that breathe and words that burn to the ears of the diners and feel not one twinge of stage fright.

The Prince of Wales is a resourceful man, but he will have to brush up when he runs in the class with Senator Depew.

STREET CARS AND PRIMARIES.

May we hope that the Democratic primaries having been disposed of there may be a better chance of an early settlement of the street car strike? The reason for the connection between the two things cannot be said to be of a kind easily discerned, but the fact of the connection is unmistakable.

If The Republic were disposed to be intrusive it would very likely suggest that it was a most extraordinary thing that the whole traffic of the St. Louis Transit Company should stop early Saturday morning because Democratic voters were going to hold primaries Saturday afternoon. It would take all the argumentative power of the Transit company and the Police Board combined to make the reason for this plain, and it is doubtful if that would satisfactorily accomplish the result.

Yesterday's experience justifies the suspicion that neither the Police Board nor the Transit company is doing its whole duty by the public. There is much reason to believe that there was no occasion for withdrawing so many of the police for duty at the primary polls. There is much reason, also, to believe that many of the cars were turned into the barns some time before the police protection was withdrawn. All in all it is fortunate that there are no more primaries coming on.

IN HIS HANDS.

Few men would care to occupy a position like that in which Speaker Henderson has placed himself in his opposition to the Louisiana Purchase World's Fair. Even if they were certain of the correctness of their position they would be eager to share with others the great responsibility of putting an end to an enterprise like the Louisiana Purchase World's Fair. They would provide for a vote by Congress on the measure so that the responsibility might be divided.

If the World's Fair bill does not come to a vote at the present session of Congress, Speaker Henderson will have killed the Fair. Without favorable action by Congress on this bill it will be difficult to secure favorable action by St. Louis and Missouri on the amendments through which additional funds are to be provided. These amendments must be voted on at the November elections. If they are defeated then they cannot be voted on again until two years have elapsed. If they are not passed in November the World's Fair movement will be dead and the centennial of the purchase of over half the territory forming the present United States will pass uncommemorated.

This is the responsibility which Speaker Henderson assumes. He, Congressmen declare, purposes to exercise his prerogative as Chairman of the Committee on Rules to keep the measure from coming to a vote at the present session. Men have dug their political graves with less important actions, and the mental vision of a man must be clear to the point of infallibility or he is foolhardy to gratuitously court such a danger.

EXPOSURE OF THE SPEAKER.

Complaint that The Republic is unfair to Speaker Henderson in the matter of his attitude to the World's Fair project is very easily answered. There is at least incontrovertible evidence that he has been hostile from the start.

Before the Special Committee was constituted a Democratic member of the House, Mr. Williams, in the course of an interview with the Speaker, was asked what he thought about the proposition to vote money in aid of a World's Fair in 1903. Mr. Williams promptly replied that he had always been opposed to the grant of money in behalf of such enterprises. With this knowledge of Mr. Williams's hostility the Speaker immediately put him on the Special Committee. He wanted Democratic votes to kill the World's Fair bill, so as to relieve his party and himself of the responsibility.

No Speaker who was friendly to the measure would have made up a committee from its opponents. That was what Speaker Henderson did, however. He thought to conceal his hostility and play a double part by pretending friendliness. But the Democratic members of the committee discovered that they were to be used as catspaws to keep the Speaker from being burned, and so upset his calculations. Mr. Williams voted to report the bill.

This story does not rest on the authority of The Republic alone. Confirmation may be found in the columns of the Globe-Democrat of Friday last. It is given in the subjoined passage in a special dispatch from Washington:

> Back of the action of the Democrats in voting with Joy and Corliss to report the bill is a story. This morning as one of the Democrats was on the way to the Capitol he encountered a member of the Committee on Rules and told him the World's Fair Committee was about to take final action on the bill.
>
> "You were put on that committee to see that the bill was not reported," said the friend of the Speaker.
>
> The Democrat arrived at the Capitol in no pleasant frame of mind. He communicated to the other Democrats on the committee what had happened. The result was that the two refused to enter into the combination to hang up the bill, and gave their votes for an immediate report.

The game of politics is more or less interesting always, but those who play it should not try to be too smart or determine their moves upon the theory that all who watch them are fools. Speaker Henderson has tried to play it as a game of double dealing and is exposed. His exposure leaves him in a worse position than he could possibly have been in if he had openly and frankly admitted his antagonism from the start.

There is much inquiry as to the motives which induce the Speaker's opposition. This is natural. The Speaker is not known to have been an opponent of the $300,000 appropriation in aid of the Buffalo Exposition. Is it possible the active antagonism of the great railway systems of the Northwest to the project of a World's Fair at St. Louis can have had anything to do with the scruples Mr. Henderson acquired when the St. Louis bill was sent to Washington? That is an interesting question and The Republic may find occasion to return to it.

PUNCTURED STATISTICS.

Total abstainers from alcoholic beverages will welcome the light which Mr. Thomas R. Macaulay, president of the Actuarial Society of America, has thrown on the physiological effect of alcohol.

Medical statisticians and scientific investigators have been proving that alcohol was a food and, in moderate quantities, wholesome and conducive to long life. The statistics gathered by a committee of the British Medical Association from 4,234 deaths were in the same direction. They showed that the average age of total abstainers in the cases observed was 51 years, 22 days; of habitually temperate drinkers 63 years, 13 days; of careless drinkers 59 years 67 days; of free drinkers 57 years, 59 days; of decidedly intemperate drinkers 53 years, 3 days. The plain conclusion from these statistics was that intemperate drinking was more conducive to long life than total abstinence.

This came in the nature of a "sock-dolager" to total abstainers. Medical statistics of such weight and authority, it seemed, should have influenced insurance rates. But they did not. For some reason insurance actuaries, men whose profession it was to calculate for insurance companies the risks and premiums for life insurance, persisted in refusing to take an intemperate "risk" at the same premium as a total abstinence "risk."

President Macaulay told the reason and punctured the statistics of the doctors in a paper on "Popular Illusions" read by him before the annual meeting of the actuaries in New York.

"The doctors," he said, "have counted children among the total abstainers. The death rate among children is naturally higher than among adults and every child that died pulled down the life-length average of the total abstainers. Persons do not become confirmed drunkards or even moderate users of alcoholic beverages till they have reached maturity and have passed the dangers that surround child life. The doctors to have reached a just result should have counted the children as neutral."

TELEPHONE VOICES.

Telephone exchange managers in St. Louis declare that they have come to pay especial attention to the voices and enunciation of the telephone operators so that the effect on patrons may be pleasing.

"We know," said a telephone manager in last Sunday's Republic, "that a rising inflection is more pleasant than a falling inflection or a monotone, and we teach the girls to use it."

The work of the telephone exchange should in time produce an agreeable effect on speech and enunciation in general. It should prove a decided agency in the promotion of that grace which Shakespeare commended: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Graces grow and spread by example and imitation. Men and women, as a rule, pay too little attention to their method of speech. Their utterance is blurred and indistinct. Persons who would consider a mispronunciation unpardonable would deem an indistinct, mouthing enunciation no reproach.

The sending as vocal missionaries into all walks of life in St. Louis of young ladies who have been taught the value of attention to enunciation, inflection and modulation should by force of example materially affect the spoken word.

If the care of the telephone managers achieves no greater result, the soft, low, pleasant voices that ask plaintively "Number?" should help to lighten labor in the lives of the men to whose momentous question they answer "Yes" without a rising inflection.

DEPRESSING ACCURACY.

No wonder Alfred Austin has tried twice already with unsatisfactory results to write a fetching poem on the relief of Mafeking. In these days a poet must be careful to have all the facts accurate unless he wants to lay himself open to those who were there and saw it all with their own eyes and can take a Bible oath it was not at all as the poet represents.

These critics have just finished an assault on the legend of Barbara Frietchie. A similar assault is being made on "Sheridan's Ride." When the critics and the historians who "were there and ought to know" finish with Sheridan he will doubtless take his place beside Wilhelm Tell and other characters who have become mere "lengthening shadows across the pages of history."

It is unfortunate that the poets whose work is thus assailed have all joined the silent majority. Otherwise they might answer, as Victor Hugo answered when his facts were disproved, "It is better as I have told it."

The people as a whole, those to whom it matters little whether Washington wore buttons or buckles on his shoes, have little use for these iconoclasts. They like to believe that Napoleon really said, "God fights on the side of the heaviest battalions," and that "The old Guard dies but does not surrender" was really a defiance thrown out by these sturdy fighters. It costs them no money and does not impair their peace of mind to so believe, and they have little thanks for the accurate man who proves that these storied episodes were the fruit of clever imagination. They believe that if nothing of the sort did happen, it might have happened and ought to have happened, and are willing to take it on that consideration.

The Weather Bureau is to make observations to determine whether any foundation exists for the mediæval belief that typhoons, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and other disturbances accompanied an eclipse of the sun. When the Weather Bureau has completed this interesting work it should take up the tradition that the breaking of a looking-glass means seven years' bad luck.

"If there had been no war with Spain and that country had tendered us a part of the Philippine Islands the proposition to accept would have received scarcely one vote in the Senate," said Senator Spooner in his speech in favor of a United States colonial system. That seems to be what would vulgarly be called "a lead-pipe cinch."

The trades unions which are contributing toward the support and maintenance of the striking street car employes have taken the logical way of expressing their sympathy. A sympathy strike would have punished innocent persons and made union labor less able to carry its burden.

In their official report to old Oom Paul the Boer Peace Commissioners will doubtless voice their surprise at having found uncharted evidence that the United States are located in the frigid zone.

Old John L. Sullivan has complained bitterly because a New York artist painted him "with feet like canal boats." He probably feared his friends would think he stood on the water wagon.

President McKinley is said to be suffering with "tobacco heart" due to excessive smoking. This should make him anxious to part as soon as possible with Havana and Cuba.

St. Louis has saved both its Hospital fund and its park concerts. In view of this, St. Louisans are not lying awake nights mourning the loss of the Sprinkling Inspectors.

It isn't likely that young George Dewey can be tempted to enter politics. The poor old Admiral has had experience enough in that field to satisfy the whole family.

Well, things might be worse in St. Louis, after all. Baltimore's strike of electric company employes has resulted in the city being plunged into complete darkness.

Yale students are to put on the stage a play which has not seen the boards for 500 years. This seems to be a reaction from Uncle Tom's Cabin and East Lynne.

It seems to be in line with the eternal fitness of things that the Philippine insurrection should come up in Congress under the head of "unfinished business."

Imperial carpetbaggers are destroying their own graft in our "colonies" by an unwillingness to postpone their stealing until after the presidential elections.

Maybe Mr. McKinley has consented to ride a horse in the G. A. R. parade in Chicago because the elephant has become unmanageable.

It is refreshingly apparent that China has at last determined to handle her Boxers without gloves.

The Open View.

Out in the open where skies are blue
And winds are free,
Life's worth living its full days through,
As life should be;
But with fair heaven shut from our eyes
By wood and stone,
What marvel if the world's voice cries
That heaven's unknown?

Out in the open God's blue sky bends
God's earth to greet;
Horizon wide the line extends
Of union sweet;
It is the fault of blinded ways
And a stubborn heart
That earth and heaven seem to our gaze
So far apart!

RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS.

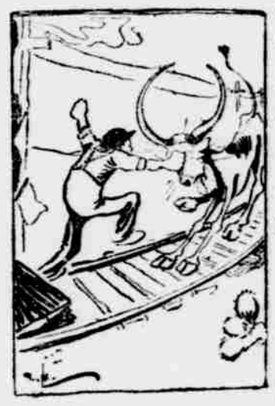
NOTABLE DISCIPLES OF HERCULES IN THE HOUSE AT WASHINGTON—SPRING IN THE SENATE.

BY ALLEN V. COCKRELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

"ALTHOUGH the reading public has been more or less regaled from time immemorial with varied dissertations on the mental qualities of the members of the House, the physical aspect of that body has been sadly neglected," complained a Herculean Representative from the great Southwest one evening not long ago. The distinguished gentleman complaineth correctly against this partiality, for the House of Representatives contains several gentlemen who are as noted for their marvelous physical development as others are for their mental strength. Prominent among these disciples of Hercules are Champ Clark of Missouri, Littlefield of Maine, De Graffenreid of Texas and Driggs and Chanler of New York. These Samsonian legislators are also gentlemen of good and proven mental ability.

Chicken-breasted and a thin neck, badly out of proportion to his head.



De Graffenreid acting as cowcatcher for the engine.

Champ Clark everybody knows. The refreshing ease in which he takes care of himself under any and all circumstances and in any and all places is accounted for. He has made a success as a platform lecturer. 'Tis said of Mr. Clark that when a boy in Kentucky he was so crudely put together as to cause his father much uneasiness. He was what is perhaps vulgarly termed "chicken breasted," and had a thin neck, sadly out of proportion to his large head, which is still large and crammed full of good Missouri brains. To correct these physical defections his father put him to hard labor on the farm. The change worked like a charm. In a year or so he trekked to Pike County, Missouri, and soon demonstrated his improvement to the discomfiture of the neighboring youngsters. To-day, some thirty years later, he is over six feet tall, with the neck and chest of ye ancient giant and can lift 1,200 pounds. He is stronger than Allen in the Senate or De Graffenreid in the House.

Charles E. Littlefield is the successor of the late Nelson Dingley, Jr., and, although serving his first term in the House, has already achieved a reputation that took his predecessor years to acquire. By his fearless advocacy of the Constitution during the discussion of the Porto Rican tariff bill in Congress he "made good" with the people, and "queered" himself with the administration. He is a big-boned, broad-shouldered six-footer, and can manipulate sixteen-pound dumb-bells about as easily as he hurled large chunks of constitutional common sense at his cowed party colleagues during that memorable debate. With several members, he was discussing the question of athletics and general physical development the other day after the House had adjourned, and, by way of diversion, with his right hand, lifted a large man from the floor without great effort.

The strong Representative.

De Graffenreid of Texas is just 41, and a broad and solid, and hails from the old Third District, which for some time was represented in the House by the Honorable "Buck" Kilgore. He graduated from the Lebanon Law School when 20, immediately began to practice, but finding the profession unprofitable, gave it up to become a brakeman on the Texas and Pacific Railroad. It is said that during one of those glorious days of his lusty youth the train upon which De Graffenreid was "braking" was stopped by a bull on the track. The creature had blood in his eye and could not be budged from what he considered his just right. All suggestions proved unavailing. The shriek of the engine whistle, the vigorous clanging of its bell and the pop of guns shot into the air were without effect, and dusk was drawing nigh. Finally the mighty "brakie," perhaps rendered desperate by the thought of a buxom lass waiting for him at the next station, stepped forward, shed his coat, bared his brawny right arm and advanced on his bullship. The animal lowered his head angrily, but De Graffenreid quickly sidestepped up to him and before the onlookers realized what he was doing, brought down his fist with crushing force upon the bull's head. The brute quivered, gasped and sank in his tracks, stunned to insensibility. The train crew unceremoniously rolled him into the ditch beside the track, the conductor shouted "all aboard!" and traffic was resumed. One year later De Graffenreid resumed the practice of law.

Drigss has the golf craze.

Representative Edmund Hope Driggs, a Democrat from the Borough of Brooklyn, whose chief claim to fame is that he has always voted against free silver, is one of the newer members who are developing strong athletic propensities. He has caught the golf craze and devotes all the spare time he gets to chasing the ball over hills and gullies with great energy and develops in his towering frame the muscles of a Jeffries. In times gone by he was an enthusiastic devotee of the wheel, but now thinks there's nothing like golf. During these gentle spring days, every afternoon he can get away from the weary routine of legislative duties he strips off the habiliments of male fashion and arrays himself in a loose shirt and checkered trousers. He then hastens into the country and plays golf until the gathering twilight obscures his vision.

William Astor Chanler, who conducted successful explorations in Africa before coming to Congress, is another Representative from New York possessing a sturdy physique. He is young and handsome, tall and graceful, and always a model of sartorial taste, albeit one of the brainiest men in the House. Not long ago while riding in an open car on Broadway he showed his grit and strength in a most gallant manner. Directly in front of him sat a young and pretty girl. Into the seat beside her stepped a burly negro, who soon began to annoy her with his rude stares. Quickly leaning over he touched the negro on the shoulder with a light cane, which he carried. "Don't do that," he remarked coolly, but quietly. The negro only glared at him and resumed his annoying attentions. Chanler now began to get warm about the collar. He again touched the negro with his cane and remarked more forcibly, but still quietly, "Don't do that. I really do not like it."

"And who in the devil are you?" exclaimed the colored man angrily.

Chanler's reply was characteristic. It was also silently effective. He laid the cane on the seat, arose, seized his coonship by both shoulders, dragged him to the platform and dropped him bodily into the street, while the car was running at high speed. He settled back in his seat again, lighted a cigarette and smiled.

HOW THE SENATE NOTES THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING.

In the language of the classics, "spring have came." Its arrival is heralded at the Capitol, especially by the Senate, in various ways. Warm weather is no respecter of dignity, and with the advent of spring, that lightsome forerunner of summer, the usual somber solemnity of the Senate Chamber is lost in the invasion of the white vest and crash suit brigades. The statesmanic broadcloth dignity of the winter disappears and the reverend chamber is transformed into a garden of seductive wickedness by multi-colored and wondrous fitting "hand-me-downs" and gems of sartorial art. The honorable Senators hail its gladsome arrival just as their tastes may dictate, and when their varied inclinations have had their say, the sight is one of marvelous incongruity and really worth going a long distance to see. When that deadly enervating feeling, which accompanies spring is abroad o'er the land, these giants of intellectuality, 'tis said, suddenly lose interest in all legislative doings and are content to loll around and let their more experienced and veteran colleagues pilot the great ship of Congress to a safe anchorage and early adjournment.

Making Congressional lemonade.

John Warwick Daniel, the pride and idol of 'ole Virginny," McMillan of Michigan and Lodge of Massachusetts head the white-vest brigade, which is now out in force, while the Honorable James K. Jones is the first to make his debut in a crash suit, which is just like all other crash suits, rough and ill-fitting. Although many spring suits of rare beauty have already appeared in the Senate, it remained for the Honorable William Van Amberg Sullivan of Mississippi to bloom out in the ne plus ultra of that particular line. Evidently not content with showing off his manly grace and looking like a fashion plate when he exhibited himself in a Prince Albert costume of light gray, Mr. Sullivan lays himself open to the ridicule of General Edmund Winston Pettus by wearing a suit of some soft and sheery stuff of Nile-green color. By the side of this exquisite creation of the fashionable tailor, Senator Jones's crash suit is as the ugly duckling to the dainty swan. Just why Mr. Sullivan persists in startling his senatorial colleagues and breaking away from the old Southern mode of dress is an insoluble mystery, except for the little rumor, which is receiving much credence, that he wishes to attain some prominence for himself before joining the "statesman-out-of-a-job" class next March. Mr. Sullivan, it should be stated, is a "progressive" Southern Democrat, a peculiar species, of which Senator McLaurin of South Carolina is a notable example. Wolcott of Colorado, as a fancy-shirt fancier, is without an equal in the Senate. Sometimes they are brown, to match his new spring suit, and sometimes they are white, with wide blue or pink stripes.

Likes his old clay pipe.

Secretary Bennett, who is especially noted as hailing from the same district in the Borough of Brooklyn which produced his pugilistic nibs the Honorable Terence McGovern, is also on the fashion-plate order, and runs Wolcott a close second. He appeared the other day in a shirt decorated with broad bars of brilliant blue.

But there are still other signs of spring which can be easily perceived by one's arrival at the north wing of the Capitol in the spicy odor of lemons which permeates the Senate corridors. As soon as the thermometer begins to rise the Senators hasten to the cloakrooms and inaugurate their annual assimilation of lemonade, which continues with constantly increasing consumption until Congress adjourns. The average Senator likes it almost as well as General Cockrell likes his old clay pipe. And why not? It refreshes the taste and cools the blood. Besides it is made of the finest lemons procurable, the purest of sugar and distilled water. Away off in a room in the basement is where this delightful beverage is so skillfully concocted before being conveyed to the cloakroom. There the lemons are cut and squeezed by machinery and the juice poured into huge tubs, which a man is kept busy filling with filtered water. The lemons are purchased by the box, the water by the half dozen cases, the sugar by the hundred-weight and the bill paid out of the contingent fund.

PROSPECTS FOR NEXT SEASON'S THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT IN ST. LOUIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Many of the notable successes of the season just at an end failed to reach the West. Following the rule generally applied, these will be early comers next autumn. High in importance among these "left at the post" attractions is the "Miss Hobbs," played by Annie Russell and company. It was the intention of Mr. Short to have Miss Russell at the Century Theater some two months ago, but the fact that Julia Marlowe had the same period at the Olympic Theater forced a change of the theatrical mind, with the result that sweet Miss Russell played one-night stands in Ohio, while the equally sweet Julia Marlowe found her hands full of business at Mr. Short's downtown theater. "Miss Hobbs" may be here sometime in the course of our Indian summer.

* * * *

"Sister Mary," which ran a long time at the Bijou Theater in New York, is one of the fun-making productions of May Irwin, whose liking for St. Louis has never been of the strongest. I have even heard it said that Miss Irwin has declared her intention of leaving us out of her future calculations. And not without reason. Her "Courted Into Court" was a dull finish failure at the Century Theater. In the towns of Irwin success—and of these there be many—it is past belief that St. Louis fails to turn out in crowds when the jolly May sings, dances and talks for it.

* * * *

"Make Way for the Ladies" and "Wheels Within Wheels," both Madison Square successes, overlooked the West last season. Of these, the second has been broadly condemned as a play of indecency, the sort of play that gives promise of clearing out next year in favor of the old-fashioned drama of "The Professor's Love Story" type.

* * * *

"Chris and the Wonderful Lamp" ran fifty-eight times at a New York theater. There was talk of a Western tour in the season just closed, but something happened.

* * * *

David Belasco's success with "Zaza" seemed enough for one season, but it did not stand in the way of a long run for "Naughty Anthony" at the Herald Square. "Brother Officers," with Faversham, was almost as much of a success at the Empire. Both of these pieces will come to St. Louis early in the next season.

* * * *

When Nat Goodwin was at the Olympic with his "Ladylike Cowboy" (or was it "The Cowboy and the Lady"?) there was no rumor of such a great success as "When We Were Twenty-one." What a wonderfully good title it is! By all modest accounts, Mr. Goodwin and Miss Elliott achieved the successes of their lives in this piece. It might have run the season out in New York, and more, but for the fact that previously-made arrangements forced the company on tour. It is not a matter of certainty that Mr. Goodwin and his beautiful wife will get to St. Louis next season; but should they come, there should be a general demand for "When We Were Twenty-one" and for no other piece in the Goodwin-Elliott repertory.

* * * *

"Coralie & Co., Dressmakers," farcical, ran fifty-seven times at the Madison Square in New York. The moralists say that it should have stopped at seven. That it ran fifty times more is probably proof that the moralists were right. We shall see for ourselves next fall at the Century Theater. "The Princess Chic" was good for only three weeks in New York. Such a short run usually indicates a bad season throughout the country, although the rule cannot be applied absolutely. "Hearts Are Trumps" was a hundred-night success at the Garden. "Madame Butterfly," a Japanese drama, was an artistic success which may be seen next season in the company of talented and beautiful Dorothy Usher, who was born and reared in Carondelet.

* * * *

An unusual success for the close of the season was the stage version of "The Pride of Jennico," a dramatization of Edgerton Castle's novel by the same name. Mr. Hackett was the chief swordsman of this swashbuckling piece, which ran well and healthily at Charles Dillingham's Criterion Theater. "The Casino Girl" was a successful burlesque which may see a tour next fall. Of the late operas, "The Viceroy" was a half-way success. The music, done by Victor Herbert, was in many respects successful, but it was weighted, by most accounts, with a leaden book. And the title seems against it. When will opera writers drop the Rajahs and Pashas, Viceroys and Excellencies? We've enough of them.

* * * *

That Julia Arthur will not return to the stage seems to be a fact well assured. Her health gave way so frequently and so alarmingly last season that her husband all but declared that his wife should not continue the strain of public playing. If it were possible for Miss Arthur's interest and energies to permit of more acting as her part of the work, results might be less alarming; but this seems impossible. Only the other day Lawrence Hanley, who toured with Miss Arthur for a period, told me that she personally superintendeed everything, even to arranging for the costumes and scenery of "More Than Queen." It seems to be generally understood, now, that Miss Arthur's public playing will in the future be confined to brief appearances in Boston and, possibly, in New York.

* * * *

One must go away from home to hear much praise of the local celebrity. For example, I am told that Winston Churchill is much more seriously regarded in New York and Boston than he is in St. Louis. Alfred Robyn is a bigger musician in some parts of the East than he is at home. The case particularly in mind, however, is that of Ernest Kroeger, whose reputation as a serious composer has reached Europe. I have in hand a Leipsic journal of March 15 in which a critic writes generous praise for one of Mr. Kroeger's piano compositions. The gentleman in question occupies the peculiar position of enjoying great personal and professional popularity in his own circle, generally an almost impossible condition where musician-folk make up the circle.

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Mr. Lawrence Hanley has stock company ideas for next season. He will put in the summer as an instructor in the more or less useful act of elocution, after which he will lend his talents, both managerial and histrionic, to the stock stage.

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Miss Julia Marlowe will begin her next season with a dedication of the new Chicago theater, "The Illinois." From that city she will proceed to St. Louis, where she will be seen at the Olympic in "Barbara Frietchie," and, perhaps, "Colinette," a successful play in which the West has not yet seen her.

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Many girls from this part of the country are now very busily and successfully engaged in theatrical work. Rose Flynn, Mary Kealty, Blanche Cerf and Sarah Perry belong to the list. Of these, Miss Perry is easily the most important. She will probably continue as chief support of the wonderful Mr. Gillette, who continues to write and play only successes. It would be odd indeed to find Mr. Gillette's name related to a failing piece. Rose Flynn is now in St. Louis on a visit. She is one of the prettiest of all the many girls who have gone forth from this town to do theatric battle. She has an excellent voice, good height, a knowledge of what to wear and enough of assurance. She is apt to succeed. Blanche Cerf, the beauteous, statuesque, brown-eyed Blanche, is mixing journalism with her stage work and is doing right well at both. Miss Kealty, also pretty, but plump of outline rather than Cerf-like, has been ill for three months, but she has reasonable hope for a good recovery before September. Dorothy Usher is another St. Louis product of both promise and realization. Her success in "Why Smith Left Home" is notable in stage annals. She has made a vaudeville hit, and in the season to come she may go forth in a novelty.

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Mr. McNeary will find it necessary to improve his opera standard this year. His plans indicate an understanding in this direction. Castle Square efforts through twenty or twenty-five weeks raised the standing of musical appreciation in St. Louis to the extent that old-falsboard open-air opera will no longer find applause. Some of the wildest performances in the history of music or drama have been given at Uhrig's Cave. We have had there all that is fearful and wonderful in costuming, individual singing and chorus; but everything was accepted along with the moonlight and beer and breezes. The new company seems better, from the names, than anything we have had at Uhrig's since the days of Maconda. Money has been spent on carpentering, gardening and paint. Mr. McNeary is smiling through his brown whiskers and the outlook is good.

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Sir Henry Irving, Ignace Paderewski, Olga Nethersole and Mrs. Langtry made a good deal of American money in the last season. Mr. Paderewski probably leads the crowd, with Irving, Nethersole and Langtry following in order. Miss Nethersole might have been ahead of Irving in receipts but for her two unfortunate illnesses and her well-remembered legal battle.

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Mr. Charles M. Southwell will leave for New Orleans to-day on opera business. He stated yesterday that he had made no arrangements for the next opera season in St. Louis. There is a difference between the Castle Square management and the Music Hall directory on the question of percentage. Meantime the Odeon management and the projectors of the new opera-house at Tenth and Olive streets are working hard to secure a contract from Messrs. Savage and Southwell. Mr. Southwell stated last night that he had no idea where his opera company would hold forth next season.

Summer Amusement.

The Suburban continues to do "a land office business." Carroll Johnson's minstrels are announced for the week beginning to-day.

Manager Butler announces two extra performances for this afternoon and evening of the Bowery Burlesquers in "Slumming."

The Park Theater, a new venture at Grand avenue and Hebert street, will present vaudeville.

Uhrig's Cave will be opened for the season on the evening of Sunday, June 3. "The Beggar Student" will be sung.